

## Panama City Pilot

Published every Thursday

By The

## Panama City Pub. Co.

Terms:—One Year, \$1.00; Six Months, 50c.  
Rates for advertising on application.

Entered as second-class matter May 30th, 1907, at the post office at Panama City, Florida, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

PANAMA CITY, FLA., SEPT. 19, 1907.

### Eagle or Buzzard—Which?

While political naturalists are earnestly discussing nature faking, it would pay them to turn their attention to this neck of woods where the great American eagle has apparently changed into a measly buzzard. The American people have been taught to venerate the eagle as representing the power and majesty of the United States, but from an abundance of evidence at hand, and being added to daily from the only source where the United States are prominent hereabouts, that of the postal service, it is evident that the glorious old bird has been transformed into a stinking buzzard, a lazy, cowardly poltroon.

For months the PILOT has noted the delinquencies of the postal service in this region; has cited instances; made complaints to the designated postal authorities; only to see the troubles increase, and more and greater indignities thrust upon the people. Our subscribers at Gay, Tompkins, Bay Head, and other points between there and Chipley complain that they do not get their paper until Monday. The papers are mailed here Thursday evening, and should reach all these places on Friday. One delay to these papers is the unwarranted holding of the mail sack at Anderson 24 hours. Where else they are held the Lord only knows. No one in the postal service seems to.

Monday brought to this place the mail that left Pensacola Wednesday previous; five days getting less than 200 miles. The poor despised yellow dog hauling the mail on a toboggan could beat such time by some days. East Bay parties claim it takes two to three days to get a letter from their offices to North Bay points, which in a straight line is less than 15 miles away. Each week mail arrives here that has been missent to East Bay points, thus delaying it 24 hours. A letter was found at a North Bay office last week plainly addressed to Panama City, that had been a month somewhere in this section of the country. A page of this paper might be filled with illustrations of this kind, and then the story not be half told.

From all this and much more of the same tenor the PILOT is firmly of the opinion that our boasted eagle has metamorphosed into a buzzard, a foul smelling filthy bird; but though it smell to heaven the scent is as attar of roses compared to the vile stench arising from the rottenness of the postal service in these parts.

### L. and N. Passenger Rates.

Several West Florida papers have asked why the L. & N. R. R. has not reduced its passenger rates in West Florida, and rather timidly requested that they make the trial and see if they be the losers thereby. The PILOT does not hesitate in demanding that this corporation be made to comply with the law, and be compelled to reduce the exorbitant passenger rate on the P. & A. division of that road.

As was stated last week this road is paying 6 per cent on \$29,500 per mile, its market value is much more than that per mile, and the last detailed report at hand, that of June 30th, 1906, show that the gross earnings for the year ending then were \$43,000,996.23 with a surplus of \$2,748,374.51, and \$2,586,630.48 of the earnings charged off in operating expenses to "Betterments," that is for additions to the property.

It will be noted that some 6 per cent of the gross earnings were charged to "Betterments," that peculiar subtle artifice used by this class of railways to mislead the dear public as to the amount taken out of their pockets. If a farmer adds to his place a new barn, a betterment, he considers his property just that much more valuable, and is taxed accordingly. Not so this class of railroads. Yearly they

add to their property in way of additions, "betterments," but pay no more taxes, and are assessed at the same old figure.

With the enormous earnings of the L. & N. \$48,265,945 for the year ending June 30, 1907, an increase of over five and a quarter million over the previous year, there is no reason why they should not be decent and law abiding in the matter of passenger rates in West Florida. Why is it that the State authorities do not compel them to be so? That this railroad is a veritable gold mine to its owners is self evident; that it would earn more than a lawful rate of interest on its investment if fares were lowered is also provable; and that it should be compelled to do so, and also to pay its proper proportion of the taxes is one of the things that the State officials were elected by the people to see done. Why are they not doing it?

### Another Chicago Ananias.

Floridians had hardly recovered from the jolt given them by a Chicago professor stating that the temperature on one of our sea shore islands was 140 in the shade, when another of its learned authorities is out with the startling announcement that Florida has the hottest climate of the South; that we are the laziest people in America; our fish are soft and undesirable as food; our fruits infected with destructive insects; the oysters flabby and unfit to eat; the milk in a deplorable condition, and that probably many of the diseases afflicting our people could be traced to its impurity.

The penny liner who is accountable for this tommy rot is one Rutledge Rutherford, and the publication which places it before the people is called "What to Eat." If its advice upon eating bears no more resemblance to the truth than its article upon "The South and the Nations Health," may the good Lord have mercy upon its readers. They certainly will need it.

Just why any publication claiming to be decent will publish such calumnies is beyond the understanding of the average reader. But there are editors and managers upon whom the truth falls like a wet blanket, and nothing unless it be sensational will be accepted or published by them. The poor penny a liner eking out a miserable existence writing "stories" at so much a column cares no more for facts than his boss, and the truth receives scant attention at the hands of either.

Such articles undoubtedly damage our state, and they should receive prompt attention and quick condemnation at the hands of its Press. The facts are easily obtainable. Signal Service reports show that this insular state does not have the heat that inland states do; our oranges rank higher and are in greater demand than any others; our fish are not excelled by any and bring the highest price in northern markets, being greatly esteemed by epicures; we have oysters that are not equalled by any in the United States; while the health statistics will show the falsehood and absurdity of the statement that the diseases prevalent are caused by impure milk.

The census for 1905 shows the death rate for the entire state to be but 6.6 per 1,000. Chicago for the same year shows 16.2 per 1,000. The cause of death here shows no great numbers of death from any one disease, and nothing to warrant the statement that impure milk has any effect upon the death rate. Taking the twenty sea-shore counties, outside of the five having cities in them, the death rate is but 4.7 per 1,000, proving that our sea shore is unusually healthy, instead of as stated by this writer, being the open door for all manner of pestilence. And the year 1905 too was a year when this state was visited by yellow fever. Taking the counties of Washington, Walton, and Santa Rosa, forming the greater part of West Florida, the death rate was but 3.7 per 1,000. There are no epidemic diseases here; no prevalent diseases of any kind; and the seeker for a healthy climate will have to go far to find such conditions regarding health as are shown by these figures as existing upon the extensive sea shores of this state, and especially in West Florida.

It is all up with Taft. He sailed for the Occident on a crippled ship on Friday the 13th. Even carrying a rabbits foot will not overcome this disastrous combination.

A pawn brokers passionate appeal through the press against prohibition does not seem to be playing very good politics by the saloon men. It is quite generally accepted that what goes to build up the pawn brokers business is detrimental to a town, and that the saloon business is too often the cause of the prosperity of the pawn broker. Pensacola pawn brokers seem to be mightily afraid that prohibition will carry, and they be put out of business.

With the appearance of more cases of the fateful bubonic plague in San Francisco California calls upon the United States to take charge of the matter, and use the forces of the General Government to stamp it out. And in this action all portions of the country acquiesce. It is when a national calamity seems imminent through the failure of a State to protect itself and the nation at large, that States Rights are forgotten, and its advocates are as silent as the grave. But who looks for consistency in politicians?

### The Great Lake Fisheries.

While our fishing season is on it may be interesting to those engaged in it here to know what is being done in the same line at the opposite extreme of the United States, in the Great Lakes fisheries. Clyde A. Mann has a very interesting article in a recent number of the Chicago Tribune upon this subject, from which we glean the following items. "The great lakes fisherman is having the time of his life this year. Fish are plenty and the catches and wages bigger than ever before.

No one can explain why there are more blue pike in Lake Erie and more whitefish in Lake Michigan than have been known since commercial fishing has been done with steam tugs instead of picturesque sailboats. As to the big catches, the changes of methods in part explain them."

It is stated that the output of the Great Lakes will this year amount to 150,000,000 pounds or 75,000 tons of fish. This means, as they are put up there for market, 1,000,000 boxes of fish, which would load 5,000 box cars to the limit. These cars making a train over twenty five miles in length.

"This quantity of fish from the great lakes make one wonder where and how it is consumed, but the total catch of fish in the United States and in Canada is over 2,000,000,000 pounds, a total so enormous that one comes to feel there is no use wondering at the big figures. Commercial fishing abounds in astonishing figures. The waters are open to every man who will obey the law, therefore, the sources of supply are almost limitless, with 300,000 retail dealers in the United States to demand a constantly fresh stock."

Altogether over 280,000 men in the United States spend their lives fishing or doing the work that is necessary in connection therewith. That means that over a million people, one eightieth of our population, are supported by the fishing industry.

"To understand the captain of a fish tug—the master fisherman of the lakes—one must know what he fishes with, how he fishes, and where, and when. His snare is the great gillnet, and set far below the surface, zigzag, with each zig and zag half a mile long. At either end are buoys, with numbered pennants. The net is 3 feet wide and made of stout linen thread, woven in a mesh from 3½ to 5 inches lengthwise, and half as wide. At each edge of this mesh a strong twine is "strung" in; this is the work of the "net stringers," who often are women. On one edge, every 9 feet, lead sinkers as big as a wienerwurst sausage are fastened to the twine, and at the same intervals on the other "corks," well tarred, and the size of bologna links. Naturally when the net is paid out from the stern of a moving boat it sinks below the surface in a vertical position, the mesh standing upright like a frail fence.

That is just what the net is, a fence into which the fish dash—sometimes. Their pulsating gills get caught on the mesh, and the more they fight to get away the more they get entangled, like a fly in a spider's web. When the nets are "lifted," that is pulled aboard again, two or three days later, one edge is folded over the other, making a sack from the water up to the gunwale and doubly securing the fish.

The net is lifted by a revolving drum, driven by steam pressure, not rolled around it, but drawn in by the clutch of the brass teeth of the drum upon the swimming twine. As it grows taut and comes dripping out of the water, all eyes are drawn to watch it and there is a shout from the most seasoned crew when there is a gleam below the surface and then a flopping whitefish or trout comes overside, to be released from the net, and thrown into a box in the bow.

From that moment the monotonous rattle of the sinkers and corks upon the revolving drum continues unceasingly, except for occasional trouble, until the six miles of net in

the full "gang" is lifted and stowed in boxes at the stern, ready to be set again. One man pulls the net off the drum and stows it in a box; from one to seven—according to the amount of the catch—"clear" the net of the fish that come whirling in as though pumped from the lake. Another man astride the gunwale, with gaff in hand—a modern Neptune with a modern trident—intently looks far down for the first glimpse of a snared fish, and skillfully gaffs it to prevent possible escape by the breaking of the meshes.

The captain darts from the wheel to the boat's side to manoeuvre the slowly moving craft, and a shrill whistle voices his incessant commands to the engine room. All work in silence. All about the wheeling gulls are crying and diving for the small fish thrown back. Occasionally there is the shout of "Jumbo-o-o!" when a monster trout or white fish comes aboard and turns its somersault into the resounding drum.

All the time the net is bringing in the fish, box after box full, sometimes so fast half a dozen men cannot keep the net clear of them. This year one Lake Michigan tug brought in from a two day's trip seven tons of beautiful whitefish. One week the record at Charlevoix, the great whitefish port of the world, was seventy-eight tons of fish.

The first net "lifted," after three hours or more of work, the fish are cleaned while the wet nets are paid out as the boat moves slowly on its zigzag course. Then the fish are moved astern and buried with ice and covered, and the crew disappears down the narrow hatchway to the forecabin for hot coffee and a meal from their capacious baskets.

Many lake fishermen have followed the vocation a lifetime, and the years have produced a lot of veteran fishermen—pilot-captains who know the character and contour of the lake bottom for many miles about their haunts. To them the unseen depths of the lakes are no mystery; by them the catch of any net can be foretold closely, barring the strange whims which seize the fish at times, making all probabilities improbable, making the experience of a lifetime worthless to explain their freakish disappearing and reappearing.

Lake Erie this year will produce close to 75,000,000 pounds of fish. In spite of the cities which dot its shores and in spite of the immensity of the shipping that befools the waters, and in spite of the fishing done in previous years, particularly of blue pike, nets practically encircle the shores of Lake Erie, and gill nets and pound nets are set nearly everywhere in it.

But the whitefish and lake trout are caught in greatest quantities in Lake Michigan, from Manitou island, off Grand Traverse bay on the Michigan side, up to the straits of Mackinac.

The shoal waters about the islands are filled with pound nets with the lead net in ten feet of water and the stakes which hold the "pit" driven sometimes one hundred feet down to the bottom. Pound fishing is the work of the smaller fisherman—the man who has a gasoline fish boat and keeps closer to shore.

This year there are more gasoline boats on the lakes than ever before, both in the pound fishing and gillnet fishing. Their catches never are so enormous, but the fishermen are prospering this year and they add a great aggregate catch from thousands of new sources.

### Slate Encampment Next Month.

The Florida state troops are to go into camp at Pensacola on the 15th of next month to remain for a period of ten days, and it is expected that this period will witness the hardest work ever experienced by the members of the state militia, as an extensive program of maneuvers has been planned and will be carried out, the regular army officers of Fort Barrancas and Pickens, where the men are to be stationed, having charge of the troops during their stay. Nine companies are scheduled for training, and they will be divided between Forts Pickens and Barrancas, tents being stretched for their accommodation near the barracks at each place. This number of companies will comprise almost the entire state troops, and it is expected that the men will gain much valuable experience during the two weeks' work with the regular army soldiers. The regulars at the post compose six companies, and the attacks and maneuvers, as well as target practice with the 12 inch disappearing rifles at Fort Pickens, will be participated in by both regulars and state troops.—Ex.

### Extensive Colonization Scheme.

A deal has been closed and contracts signed for the purchase of upward of 20,000 acres of land lying on and adjacent to Boggy and Rocky bayous, in Walton county, including all the holdings of McKenzie & Rose and Boggy Mill Company in that section, together with their mill and other property, by the Co-operative Commonwealth Fiscal Alliance of Chicago; represented by Dr. M. W. Barrett, who spent some time in the section last spring looking for a suitable location for one of the biggest colonization projects ever established in Florida.

The plans of the Alliance call for the expenditure of thousands of dollars in the development of the section and hundreds of families are to be located in that part of the country. As a beginning toward the manufacturing establishments to be located

the mill of the Boggy Mill Company is to be entirely rebuilt and fitted with modern machinery in every respect, so that nothing will be wasted from the timber except the bark. But this is to be but the beginning in that line.

Dr Barrett has been engaged for years in social settlement work in Chicago and other cities, and will bring with him a large number of families who have tired of the strife for breath in the crowded cities, as well as practical farmers from the middle west.—Ex.

### What Cotton Might Mean.

It is quite within the range of possibilities that the growing cotton crop, including seed, will bring to the South from \$850,000,000 to \$900,000,000, and considering the world's business conditions the South should demand this much. Yet this figure is so stupendous that its magnitude can scarcely be realized. It is only, however, a moderate increase on the enormous total which the last crop has given to this section. Under such conditions the South will of necessity have a great amount of money in the hands of its farmers which must seek investment in some way. Doubtless very much of it will go into local industries; a very considerable amount into the building of new cotton mills; much of it into the purchase of land and much into the building of homes. All of this will mean increased traffic at a time when the railroads, already over-burdened far beyond their capacity with freight, are unable to increase their transportation facilities by reason of their inability to secure the money needed. What a wonderful condition of prosperity, greater than any part of this country has ever had, would we see in the South if to these enormous wealth-producing figures which cotton is now creating were added a continuation of outside investment in railroads and other enterprises.—Manufacturers Record.

### Wetappo.

Miss Winnie Kronmiller was on our streets Thursday.

Messrs Dyer and Kronmiller drove a well at their brick yard last week.

Mr Taylor was in these woods Saturday looking after his turpentine interest.

C. J. Raffield, with his large boat Isabell, was fishing in these waters Friday.

Several of the neighbors spent Sunday afternoon pleasantly at the home of Mr and Mrs Taylor at Farmdale.

The engine on the Leda broke down Thursday and we did not get any mail. It also was the cause of an iceless ice cream social at Farmdale as they could not send for any ice.

### Farmdale.

S. Carter has moved into the Leavett house.

Mr McCarty was here Saturday buying supplies.

Mr Carter has a fine pet fawn he found last week.

Taylor, Shermer & Co. moved in a new lot of laborers last week.

J. D. Forester, of St Andrew, was a pleasant caller here Friday.

Phil West, of Panama City, was a pleasant caller here Saturday.

Mr and Mrs Dyer and Miss Dyer, of Wetappo, were visitors here Sunday.

Mr Fenters moved into the Strange house Tuesday, which he recently bought.

Tom and James Marshall were up Saturday transacting business with Taylor, Shermer & Co.

Mr Lewis Davis brought over a large crowd of visitors on his big boat Cuba Sunday.

Mr Higdon Stone, naval stores operator, of St Joseph, stopped over night here recently on his way to Wewahitchka.

The mail boat failed to reach here Thursday. There were a good many people badly disappointed and put to a lot of inconvenience.

Robert Baker, of Pensacola, came over on the mail boat recently from St Andrew. He found an old friend here. Glad to see you Bob; come again.

Mr Frank Hoskins and wife and little daughter came up from Cro-manton Sunday, and Mrs Hoskins and daughter are spending a few days with Mrs Jane Lyie.

Mr Carters fine deer dog was bitten by a large rattlesnake last week. Mr Carter supposed he was baying a coon and sicked him on. The snake was killed but, with the best attention and treatment the dog died.